

The Musical World

FINE ART & DRAMATIC OBSERVER.

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SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1889.

PRICE 3d.

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Director—SIR GEORGE GROVE, D.C.L., LL.D.
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These Examinations have been fixed to take place January 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11. Syllabus and all information on application.

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November 12, 1889 ... Conversazione.
December 3 ... Lecture.
January 7, 1890 ... F.C.O. Examination (Paper Work).
" 8 ... F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 9 ... F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 10 ... Distribution of Diplomas.
" 14 ... A.C.O. Examination (Paper Work).
" 15 ... A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 16 ... A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 17 ... Diploma Distribution.
February 4 ... Lecture.
March 4 ... Lecture.
April 14 ... Annual Dinner.
May 6 ... Lecture.
June 3 ... Lecture.
July 1 ... Lecture.
" 15 ... F.C.O. Examination (Paper Work).
" 16 ... F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 17 ... F.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 18 ... Distribution of Diplomas.
" 22 ... A.C.O. Examination (Paper Work).
" 23 ... A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 24 ... A.C.O. Examination (Organ Playing).
" 25 ... Diploma Distribution.
" 31 ... Annual General Meeting.
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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, 8.30.	SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, 3.	SARASATE CONCERTS.
Oct. 28. Nov. 4, 11, 18, 25. Dec. 2, 9, 16, 23. Jan. 13, 20, 27. Feb. 3, 10, 17, 24. March 3, 10, 17, 24, 31. Subscription £5 5s. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 3s., 1s.	Nov. 2, 9, 16, 23, 30. Dec. 7, 14, 21. Jan. 11, 18, 25. Feb. 1, 8, 15, 22. March 1, 8, 15, 22, 29. Subscription £5. Tickets, 7s. 6d., 3s., 1s.	Saturday, Oct. 19, at 3. Saturday, Oct. 26, at 3. Friday, Nov. 1, at 8. Tickets, 10s. 6d., 5s., 3s., 2s., 1s.
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RICHTER CONCERTS.	PHILHARMONIC CONCERTS.	ROYAL CHORAL SOCIETY.
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The Proprietors of THE MUSICAL WORLD offer three prizes of £12. 12s., £5. 5s., and £3. 3s. respectively for the three best settings of the Nicene Creed. We now give the Rules of the Competition:—

- 1.—Only British subjects and citizens of the United States of America will be entitled to compete.
- 2.—Correct accentuation of the words and sentences of the Creed (for which see the Rev. Mr. Harford's articles in THE MUSICAL WORLD of August 3 and 10) being the main object for which these prizes are offered, accuracy in these particulars will be regarded as a *sine quâ non*, and the prizes will be awarded to the three best works in order of musical merit.
- 3.—Works already published will not be eligible.
- 4.—Compositions must be written in the usual four parts (S.A.T.B.) for the use of church choirs, and should not exceed six and a half minutes in performance.
- 5.—M.S.S., of which two clearly written copies must be sent not later than the 17th of October to the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD, must bear a motto or *nom de plume* identical with one on a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the writer. Only the letters of the successful competitors will be opened.
- 6.—The judges will be Dr. GEORGE C. MARTIN, Organist of St. Paul's Cathedral; Dr. JOSEPH C. BRIDGE, Organist of Chester Cathedral (who have in the kindest manner accepted this responsibility); and the Editor of THE MUSICAL WORLD.
- 7.—The copyright of the successful works will remain the property of the composers; but the proprietor reserves the right to publish one edition of each.

HINTS FOR THOSE ABOUT TO SET THE NICENE CREED.

- 1.—Let there be a leading phrase for the Priest.
- 2.—Do not place a rest between the words 'GOD' and 'The FATHER Almighty.'
- 3.—In 'visible and invisible' the accent should fall upon the 1st syllable of the last word, and, if desired, on the antepenultimate also.
- 4.—Shew reverence for the Sacred Name 'JESUS.'
- 5.—Properly accentuate 'Only begotten SON.'
- 6.—Avoid two faults in 'God of God.'
- 7.—Keep distinct 'The FATHER' from 'By whom.'
- *7.—Be careful to express properly 'By Whom all things were made.'
- 8.—Avoid 'came down.' Use equal accent here.
- 9.—Accentuate the first syllable in 'also.'
- 10.—Avoid 'rose again.'
- 11.—In 'the third day' the accent must fall on 'third.'
- 12.—Do not accentuate 'to' in 'according to.'
- 13.—The accent is on Right in Right Hand—or use equal accent.
- 14.—Avoid 'again with glory' and 'with glory to judge.'
- 15.—Keep 'the dead' distinct from 'Whose Kingdom.'
- 16.—Avoid accent on 'shall' in 'Kingdom shall have.'
- 17.—Shew reverence for the Name of The HOLY SPIRIT.
- 18.—Dwell on 'The LORD.'
- 19.—Be careful in 'The SON, Who with The FATHER and The SON.'
- 20.—Avoid 'together is worshipped.'
- 21.—Place the accent correctly in 'I acknowledge.'
- 22.—Do not emphasise the personal pronoun in 'I believe.'
- 23.—Do not dwell too long upon 'look' in 'look for.'
- 24.—Avoid following an eminent composer who has written 'look for.'

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The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12, 1889.

SPECIAL NOTICES.

* * * The Business Departments of the MUSICAL WORLD are now under the management of Mr. L. V. Lewis, the Manager of "The Observer," 396, Strand, to whom all communications must be addressed. Remittances should be made payable to the Proprietors.

* * * All advertisements for the current week's issue should be lodged with the Printer not later than noon Thursday.

* * * MSS. and Letters intended for publication must be addressed to THE EDITOR. Rejected MSS. cannot be returned unless accompanied by stamped directed envelope.

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FACTS AND COMMENTS.

In our last issue we mentioned that, owing to the different opinions expressed respecting the verbal accentuation of several important phrases in the Nicene Creed, we considered it our duty to ask for a decision from the highest theological scholars in the Kingdom. This week we are able to set before our readers a considerable number of replies that have been graciously sent. To certain persons it may appear that some of those questions are very simple—too simple indeed to be submitted to such very high authorities. Those who think so will probably change their mind when, after perusal of the column given elsewhere, they see the differences expressed even by the very foremost adepts. As the three chief branches of the Church Catholic are represented, we give them in the order of chronological priority, viz.:—first the Greek Church, then the Roman, then the Anglican. If any canon of etiquette has hereby

been infringed, either in this or in the arrangement of illustrious names, we must plead that musical editors have professedly but limited acquaintance with the minuter details of the Church. Next week, when the result of our enquiry is fully known we purpose submitting it to the highest Ecclesiastical Authority (under Her Majesty the Queen) in this Kingdom; and the opinion of the Archbishop of Canterbury, as Patriarch of the Church in England and her dependencies, will, if given, naturally have more weight than any other.

* *

Among the visitors whom the attractions of the Leeds Festival have enticed to our country is Herr Otto Lessmann, the distinguished critic of the Berlin "Allgemeine Deutsche Musik-Zeitung." No more competent or impartial judge could be desired, for Herr Lessmann is a skilled professional musician as well as a critic of far-reaching knowledge, broad sympathies, catholic taste, and sound judgment. We may look to him with all confidence for a more influential criticism of our musical doings than we got a year or two ago from a famous Viennese critic, whose literary and philosophical qualifications have given him a reputation in this country which his judgments on musical matters do not always help to strengthen. It would, indeed, be both interesting and instructive if Dr. Hanslick also would visit us and give us his opinion, side by side with that of Herr Lessmann. As the question of Wagnerism is evidently once more brought into the field by some of the works produced at the Leeds Festival, much would be gained by a comparison of the judgments of the most eminent German Wagnerite and anti-Wagnerite critics of the day.

* *

Music, we have been told again and again, is the purest—chastest of the arts. Nor is any suggestion of the absence of these estimable qualities conveyed to the average mind by the notion "Hall." Yet put them together, and note the astonishing result—no mere mechanical combination, but a chemical change! This at least is the reflection forced upon us by the "revelations" made at the recent meetings of the London County Council what time they put a few music-hall proprietors "and sich" to the "Question" for what must have seemed to them not only a very bad, but also a very long quarter of an hour. It is but fair to admit, however, that the sinners in almost every case seem to have been the perform—we beg pardon—the *artistes*. Some of these, no doubt, have obtained a good advertisement by the action of the Council, but no one will grudge them this if the exposure make them ashamed of themselves. This, perhaps, is to expect too much but at any rate, whatever be the ultimate results, or the verdict passed on the Council's action by men (and women) of the world—which we do not intend to anticipate—nothing but good can come of the attention thus drawn to the whole subject. Familiarity with the vulgar, the inane, the suggestive, blunts: it is well, therefore, that the frequenters of such places should occasionally be made to see themselves as they are seen by others.

* *

The first concert of the Strolling Players' Amateur Orchestral Society will take place on December 14th. Among the most interesting items of the forthcoming season will be Mr. Frederick Cliffe's Symphony in C minor, Beethoven's No. 8, a first performance in this country of an Allegro by Hellmesberger in form of a "moto perpetuo" for strings, accompanied by kettledrums and two harps, a Serenade for strings by Fuchs, the Overture to Reinecke's comic opera "Aladdin," and the ballet-music to Saint-

Saëns' "Etienne Marcel." The society is fortunate in again having for its conductor Mr. Norfolk Megone, who, by the way, has just concluded a most successful series of nearly a hundred orchestral concerts at Devonshire Park, Eastbourne. The programmes included all Beethoven's Symphonies except the Ninth, the Scotch and Italian of Mendelssohn, and the best known of Haydn and Mozart.

* *

The exclusive nature of the news published by foreign papers (especially on English matters) is calculated at times to turn the average British journalist green with envy. For instance, only this week we learn from our esteemed French contemporary "Le Ménestrel" that Mr. Carrodus composed a violin concerto expressly for the recent Gloucester Festival. This is remarkable enough, but when we are further told that the work was performed at the said festival by "the violinist Sitt" we have surely a right to complain of the silence which has been maintained by English critics with regard to this interesting event.

* *

The four concerts to be given by the Highbury Philharmonic Society on the evenings of Dec. 2, Feb. 3, March 24, and May 12 are of quite exceptional interest. Parry's "Ode to St. Cecilia," Sullivan's "Golden Legend," Mackenzie's "Dream of Jubal," Cowen's "Scandinavian" Symphony, Dvorák's "Spectre's Bride," Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" and "Hebrides" overture, and a selection from "Die Meistersinger" are promised. Mrs. Hutchinson, Miss Carlotta Elliot, Miss Liza Lehmann, Madame Bertha Moore, Miss Alice Suter; Messrs. Iver McKay, Andrew Black, John Probert, Orlando Harley, H. Piercy and Barrington Foote are among the artists already engaged; Mr. Charles Fry being retained as "reader" in "The Dream of Jubal." Mr. G. H. Betjemann will, of course, conduct.

* *

If we cannot yet be named as the most musical of countries, we can at least boast of the most numerous attended "conservatoire" in Europe. The Guildhall School now counts 3,500 pupils, 450 of whom were admitted at the commencement of the present term. As 60 new names were also entered at the Royal Academy, and 50 at the Royal College, it would appear "that the fashion of music," as cynics sometimes term the general awakening, gives at present no sign of waning.

* *

Mr. Plunket Greene has been offered an engagement for two years at the Munich Opera House, but we understand that no definite arrangement for such a term has yet been made. He will, however, appear there in three rôles, as Sarastro in the "Zauberflöte," the Landgrave in "Tannhäuser," and the King in "Lohengrin." Before this he will sing at Berlin on November 4th in a concert of the Wagner-Verein to be conducted by Herr Carl Klindworth.

* *

The late Mr. Michael Watson, many of whose songs have obtained considerable popularity, was the son of a music-master at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and at first elevated himself to painting, in this affording instance of the frequent co-existence of musical and pictorial abilities. Mr. Watson was a prolific and persevering writer, many of his earlier works appearing under the *nom-de-plume* of "Jules Favre;" but he apparently strove more for popular than artistic success, and he had his reward.

An artist who will be sorely missed is about to leave us—for a time only we will hope—in the person of Miss Lena Little, who sails shortly for America, being engaged to take part in the Boston Festival in the spring of next year.

* *

Mlle. Thierry, a soprano who has been very successful in Paris, will visit us next month and give an orchestral concert at the Prince's Hall.

* *

On October 17th Madame Nordica will sing for the first time at the Royal Victoria Hall, Waterloo-road, better known as the old "Vic."

* *

A series of fortnightly smoking concerts is announced to commence at the Meistersingers' Club on the 13th inst.

THE MUSICAL PERFORMING RIGHT;

OR,

LAW VERSUS COMMON SENSE AND VICE VERSA.

A STARTLING FARCE OF THE PRESENT DAY ON SEVEN ACTS.

Act I.—3, William IV., cap. 15 (1833).

Act II.—5 and 6, Victoria, cap. 45 (1842).

Act III.—45 and 46, Victoria, cap. 40 (1882).

Act IV.—51 and 52, Victoria, cap. 17 (1888).

Act V.—7, Victoria, cap. 12 (1844).

Act VI.—49 and 50, Victoria, cap. 33 (1886).

Act VII.—The Berne Convention (1887), under strong limelight.
With an "Eye-opener" for a curtain-raiser.

BY FRANZ GRÖNINGS.

N.B.—This Farce, or any part thereof, may be monotoned in public at any pitch or in any key without fee or permission. As regards republishing rights, please study carefully all the Acts bearing on the subject (there are only a few dozen) and "CONSTRUE THEM TOGETHER."

(Continued from page 668.)

Who, then, are the principal musical bodies and individuals on whom this cruel joke has been played—if the Berne Convention is retrospective (which for myself I cannot for a moment believe)?

Firstly, the officers of the various regiments, who, out of their pay or private pockets have for years contributed towards their "band fund," thus enabling the bandmaster to add to his *répertoire* almost every piece that has appeared in the costly English and foreign band journals (mostly 10s. and 15s. each overture or selection). To this liberality of the English officers is, in the first instance, due the spread of and love for music throughout the country; and now the Convention suddenly gives foreign agents a lien on their property.

The officers of the numerous Volunteer bands are in a similar predicament as regards their stock of music.

Then we have thousands of amateur brass and other bands, mostly consisting of working men, who out of their scanty wages contribute weekly or monthly towards their band fund for the purchase of music, &c., and who are now afraid to play what they have paid for.

Then take the conductors of the thousands of bands at the various theatres, music halls, and watering places, and those of other indoor and outdoor bands, who as a rule have to buy their own music, but who may henceforth well hesitate to conduct a piece for fear a foreign agent might be lurking about taking note of the inadvertent trespass.

We come next to the thousands of amateur vocal and instrumental societies, glee parties, &c., whose stock of costly music has been purchased out of the subscriptions of the members of the societies, ladies and gentlemen; they may now easily be frightened into paying "performing taxes" in preference to costly fights in the law courts.

We must also consider the numerous bands in connexion with benevolent institutions (workhouse boys and industrial schools, &c.), whose stock of music the ratepayers have had to provide.

Even the drum and fife band boys contribute their coppers towards their instruments and music, and if a quickstep contained a few bars from a foreign composition, now suddenly impounded, they too might be "assessed" or "summoned and fined." This is an alarming state of things, certainly, but nevertheless true, and borne out by previous cases and convictions.

We next come to the large body of private individuals who assist vocally or instrumentally at entertainments. Their *répertoire* is suddenly and materially reduced, and many pieces over which they have spent money for tuition laid waste.

This will considerably damage all the music-sellers in town and country whose shelves have been well-stocked by travellers of publishers and foreign music importers, because the "performing right" of all those pieces they have been induced to buy as "non-copyrights" is handed back to the original foreign publishers or composers, and the music-sellers are unable even to give information to intending purchasers as to the right of performance of foreign pieces they may possess or wish to buy.

That will naturally soon strike back on the wholesale dealers and vendors, and when the true state of affairs becomes thoroughly understood by the retailers, travellers' orders will soon show a very marked difference.

What then, last of all, about the many composers who wish for no performing fee, and who for profit look only to their contract with the publisher? Both composer and publisher must wish these compositions to be freely performed in order to increase their sale, but they have no means of letting the public know this. The traps laid (inadvertently perhaps) cannot fail to bring about all over the country a scare of the most damaging consequences to all concerned, viz., composers, publishers, and performers.

I think it time to explain to the reader a little of what this Berne Convention is, but as its absurdities will be fully treated as the last Act, I will mention only a few points now necessary to understand the foregoing arguments and predictions.

The Berne Convention was made between Plenipotentiaries of Great Britain, Germany, Belgium, Spain, France, Hayti, Italy, Liberia, Switzerland, and Tunis "to protect effectively the rights of authors over their literary and artistic works," which according to Article IV. includes "every musical composition with or without words." Article II. provides that "Authors of any of the countries of the union or their lawful representatives shall enjoy in the other countries for their works the rights which the respective laws do now or may hereafter grant to natives," i.e., a separate "performing right" which up to the present in England has never been thought of nor enforced, except in a few cases by Harry Wall, but which right now suddenly threatens to become a bugbear to us all. A pile of music is now like a heap of tin plates in a rack, many of which are heated, but nobody can or will tell which of them till after you have burned your fingers.

The French "Société des Auteurs" has opened the ball by appointing a representative in England on their behalf. I was asked to pay an annual subscription of ten guineas solely for this society's rights. After a careful, long, and weary study of the various acts and mature consideration, I came to the conclusion that it would be useless to pay to the "Société" only, as that would but "square" me with a portion of the Convention. To-morrow I might have a demand from some one who has received instructions from French composers not belonging to the Société; next week some one else might have great pleasure in informing me that he is authorised by a great number of German composers to levy contributions here, and as he might have millions of works to protect, he would say he could not give me any particulars *beforehand*, but *could* tell me *after* I had inadvertently trodden on his protected ground, and when he has invited me to meet him in the County Court. Supposing I arranged with him, too, about an annual tax, it would be the best inducement to the rest of the fraternity to come over and try their luck. Supposing even that I arranged with them all for a fee of, say, £100 per annum; I should not then be much further than before, because, from Article XVIII. of the Convention the reader will see that any other country may join the Convention at any time by simply sending a letter to that effect to the Swiss

* The Convention is drawn up in French, but from page 10 the reader will find the English translation.

Government which will communicate the happy event to the other countries of the Union. Supposing, then, Russia to-day joins; to-morrow I play, at somebody's request, a piece by a Russian composer which I may have bought from an English publisher years ago; the day after to-morrow I may receive a demand for a fee, and, if summoned, no English judge can do otherwise than fine me, if ever so little, because the law leaves him no alternative.

(To be continued.)

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: With reference to the interesting correspondence now appearing in the columns of your valuable paper respecting the rights of foreign composers to claim fees for the performance of their works under the recent International Copyright provision, I shall be only too glad to see some steps taken to clear away any doubts there may be as to the validity of such claims.

Holding as I do a very responsible post on behalf of a French Society which practically controls the modern French *répertoire* for vocal and instrumental purposes in this country (with the exception of those works which have been purchased outright by English proprietors for English publication, and which, of course, compared to the bulk, are comparatively few), I am only too anxious to do what is right, and only what is right in this matter.

Whilst welcoming any legitimate effort to determine the difficulties at present surrounding the vexed question of International Copyright, I must take serious exception to the style of contribution to your journal now appearing from the pen of Mr. Franz Groenings.

That gentleman has no cause to complain of the Société des Auteurs Compositeurs et Editeurs de Musique of France, inasmuch as he was treated by its English representative, to wit, myself, with every possible courtesy and consideration and given every assistance.

It apparently, at all events as yet, has not occurred to him that the real grievance, if any, at the root of this uncertainty is the reluctance of publishers to enter into the question.

The Société des Auteurs at the early part of last year having, in consequence of the provisions of the International Convention of Berne, decided to appoint a representative of their Society for the British Empire, sent their chief to London for the especial purpose of selecting a competent individual for the post.

With this object in view, interviews were sought with the heads of—I understand—three of the most important London music publishers, and in each instance the society was advised to secure me.

I may say that at this time the existence of the society was unknown to me, but upon the post being offered to me I made the fullest enquiries into the matter, and finding the Society was a wealthy and prosperous one in France, and ascertaining beyond all doubt that the International Copyright Treaty was an actual fact, I consented to become the representative of those important French rights, and my acceptance of the post was heartily endorsed, with one or two exceptions, by the London music trade particularly by the firms who had so strongly recommended me; but what perhaps influenced me more than all was the advice of my deeply-lamented friend and esteemed patron Carl Rosa.

I at once entered into the active work of my representation only to find, as might naturally have been expected, general ignorance on the subject, of the society, its rights, and of my claims.

Steadily proceeding to work, however, I very quickly obtained, and am still daily obtaining, numerous contracts for permission to use the *répertoire* in bulk, and in the majority of instances I am perfectly sure that these contracts have been entered into only after the validity of my claims have been carefully examined by solicitors.

Replying to the letter of "A Lover of Gounod's Music," I may mention that only within the last few weeks a large firm of publishers has issued a series of French compositions by some of the most celebrated modern composers, their acquirement of the rights of publication for England having been with the express reservation that the rights of performance remained under the control of the society I represent, and this fact complying with the statutory obligation is prominently announced on the title page.

It would be impossible in this letter to enter into the vexed question of announcement on title pages of the reservation of performing rights, as the subject deals with past and present legislation to too great an extent.

Replying again to "A Lover of Gounod's Music," I may inform him that

within the last three months the Société des Auteurs, &c., has passed with remarkable unanimity a stringent law enjoining upon its members (which include alike the authors, composers, and publishers of France), under pain of forfeiture of all benefit of the Society's operations in France or elsewhere, to abstain from alienating from the direct control of the Society the performing rights of any of their musical compositions. It must be understood I do not refer to operatic stage performances.

The term assessment seems to be objected to in some quarters. This appears to be a very small complaint.

In arriving at what the amount of fee shall be, the class of entertainment and the proportion of use which is going to be made of the *répertoire* must be, so to speak, classified, and the word assessment is, I think, both consistent and reasonable in relation to classification.

It must always be borne in mind that the effect of the International Convention is that for the present and future English composers and publishers possess the same amount of protection abroad which the foreigner now claims and is entitled to claim within the British Empire. Moreover, English composers and publishers are enjoying these rights, as my payments to British owners on account of their performing rights abroad during the last twelve months can testify. On one occasion I handed a sum of over £40 to one firm alone, which represented fees accrued to them for the rights of foreign performance of their English copyrights.

I had best conclude by the remark that whilst there must be of course a considerable amount of irritation on this side of the Channel through ignorance of existing laws and uncertainty of what is law, there also exists from our foreign neighbour's point of view, considerable surprise in France that though with one hand Great Britain enters into a very stringent copyright treaty to acknowledge and protect foreign rights, with the other she deals out ambiguous legislation, which unhappily not only goes far to impede a legitimate representation of foreign rights, but foment unnecessary and undesirable friction where there should be complete understanding and accord.

Yours truly,

ALFRED MOUL,

Agent General for the British Empire of the Société des Auteurs, Compositeurs, et Editeurs de Musique.

40, Old Bond-street, October 9.

LEEDS MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

(FROM OUR LEEDS CORRESPONDENT.)

THE FULL REHEARSALS.

MONDAY, OCT. 7.

As the Leeds Festival always begins on a Wednesday morning, the full rehearsals are held on the preceding Monday and Tuesday, an arrangement in many respects good, though it is somewhat questionable whether so much hard work immediately before the concerts is a wholesome thing for the chorus, or even for the orchestra, and all who were present at the Festival of 1886 will recollect that the chorus, beginning as they did with a work so trying as "Israel" showed unmistakably the ill effects of their preceding two days' labours. So far, however, hard work seems to have had an effect the reverse of detrimental, since the last state of the chorus has been decidedly better than the first. When business was begun at ten o'clock this morning with Berlioz' "Faust" their singing was certainly not up to the Leeds standard, but they seemed to warm to their work, and improved as they went on, infusing remarkable vigour into Mr. Corder's "Sword of Argantyr," which by the way promises to be a distinct success. A programme of the day's proceedings was issued, and, for a wonder, adhered to from beginning to end. Its order was as follows:—Rehearsal at ten a.m., "God Save the Queen" (of course Costa's version, which still holds its own); Berlioz' "Faust;" the vocal portions of the Choral Symphony; Dr. Creser's new cantata, "The Sacrifice of Freia;" and Schubert's Mass in E flat. Second rehearsal at 7 p.m.: Professor Stanford's "Maeldune," the vocal numbers of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, and Mr. Corder's "Sword of Argantyr." One of the greatest difficulties in the way of English Provincial Festivals is undoubtedly the practical impossibility of obtaining anything like an adequate number of full rehearsals. In a German town of moderate size this difficulty is not felt to the same extent, for there a permanent local orchestra is a matter of course, and performers have not to be fetched a couple of hundred miles, involving an outlay which

is a serious consideration in the large expenses of a festival. The result of this state of things is that we have to crowd into a couple of days' work which, if properly done, should occupy at least six or eight; and it speaks well for the ability of our orchestral players and the stamina of our chorus singers that under the circumstances their performances are as excellent as all must admit them to be. It is a matter well worth the consideration of festival committees whether provincial festivals cannot do something to encourage the establishment of local orchestras, which is emphatically the musical "want" of the country.

"Faust," as may be imagined, soon showed of what manner of men the orchestra was composed, and it was soon evident that, excellent as was that of the last festival, this is at least its equal, and perhaps its superior. Of one hundred and twenty-three artists not half-a-dozen are foreigners, and nearly all hail from the metropolis. Mr. Carrodus is, of course, the leader, and heads a body of 82 strings, the tone of which, as regards both quantity and quality, is superb. After going through the whole of "Faust" with much care and considerable repetition of "shaky" passages, the Choral Symphony was taken.

Remembering the magnificent performance of this work at the Festival of 1880 we must confess to grave doubts as to whether it will be equalled on the present occasion, for, though the chorus showed a familiarity with their task probably greater than that possessed by the singers of nine years ago, we cannot say we regard them as their equals in either power or richness of tone. We will, however, reserve any general remarks on the chorus until the close of our account of Tuesday's rehearsal, when a longer experience will enable us to form a more decided opinion. After an adjournment for lunching purposes Dr. Creser took the *bâton* to direct the rehearsal of his new dramatic cantata, "The Sacrifice of Freia." In this the effect of a strange beat was quickly apparent, and it was probably this which caused several misunderstandings which had to be rectified so far as time would allow, though another trial of the whole work, which abounds in difficulties, would have ensured a more perfect rendering of the cantata on Thursday evening. Schubert's Mass in E flat occupied the remainder of the "sitting," and its flow of melody seemed to suit the chorus, who showed in it a very marked improvement over their previous performances.

The second rehearsal began at seven o'clock, only two hours after the termination of the first. Professor Stanford began work with his "Voyage of Maeldune," which went well, whilst Mr. Edward Lloyd was apparently led away by his fine part to exert himself more than he usually does at rehearsals, and with a result commensurate with his efforts. Sir Arthur Sullivan then took the ladies of the chorus, with Madame Albani and Miss Hilda Wilson as soloists, through their portions of the "Midsummer Night's Dream" music, the rest of the rehearsal being devoted to "The Sword of Argantyr." Coming at a late hour, and at the end of a long day, the rehearsal of Mr. Corder's Cantata was necessarily somewhat of a scramble, and the composer was compelled to lay down his *bâton* when another hour's work might have been very profitably spent in more "finishing touches;" but it so often happens that a bad rehearsal means a good performance that we trust this case may be no exception to the rule. Madame Valleria's absence was also to be deplored, but these drawbacks did not prevent it being apparent that the cantata is a work of great power and originality, as well as, let us add, of great difficulty for both chorus and orchestra.

TUESDAY, OCT. 8.

The third and last of the full rehearsals began this morning with Dr. Parry's "St. Cecilia's Day," a work which proved grateful to the executants and delighted the audience, who could not refrain from an outburst of applause at its conclusion. We will only anticipate our final criticism so far as to say that in our opinion the applause was most thoroughly deserved. Brahms' noble "German Requiem" was taken next, and did not begin well, the chorus apparently finding it an impossibility to sing *piano* without flattening considerably. But the rest of this great work was very finely sung, and all musicians are eagerly looking forward to its performance on Saturday morning. Of "Acis and Galatea" only portions were rehearsed, and those principally solos, so that for the rest of the morning the chorus had comparative rest to which their labours in Brahms' work entitled them. After lunch the third act of "Tannhäuser" was taken. The introduction of this into a festival scheme being somewhat of an innovation, we awaited the result with considerable interest. With the exception of a suspicion of "dragging" in the earlier part of the act, in portions such as, for example, the departure of Elisabeth after the well-known "prayer,"

the effect of the performance in concert-form was a decided success. Certainly after Tannhäuser's appearance the interest was sustained to the very last note. Bach's cantata, "God's Time is the Best," came next—the effect of Wagner between Handel and Bach was, by the way, rather curious—and went rather tamely, though the accompaniments were played with much refinement by the considerably-diminished orchestra; and the rest of the rehearsal was given up to bits of "The Golden Legend" which the composer-conductor had modestly reserved to the last. So far as we are now in a position to judge, the chorus, though of great excellence and probably of more refinement than previous Leeds Festival choruses, will hardly bear comparison with them in respect of power. In this quality the basses are best, their upper notes being excellent in their ringing quality. The sopranos and contraltos are distinctly the superiors of their masculine colleagues in refinement and intelligence, and their quality, especially in soft passages, is often admirable, but in power they appear to us to be slightly inferior to their predecessors of six or nine years since. The tenors are, however, the worst section of the chorus, being frequently uncertain in intonation, and showing an inclination to force their voices to an extent which is fatal to the production of a true tenor quality of tone. In saying this we are of course judging the chorus by the highest possible standard, and we shall be delighted to find an impression formed after hearing two days' rehearsals modified for the better after the performances.

THE FESTIVAL.

WEDNESDAY, OCT. 9.

The Festival has certainly begun well. Berlioz' popular treatment of the "Faust" Legend attracted a very large audience indeed this morning, not a vacant seat being visible, and those who were present were repaid by a performance of exceptional excellence. Of Madame Albani and Mr. Edward Lloyd, in the parts they are so closely associated with, we need only say that both were in their best "form," Mr. Lloyd being as irreplicable as usual, and Madame Albani singing "The King of Thule" ballad not only with the beauty of voice and style we are accustomed to, but also with a simplicity and an absence of affectation to which she does not invariably treat us. Mr. Watkin Mills threw himself with his usual energy into the part of Mephistopheles with excellent results, and Mr. Brereton gave one of the best renderings of the "Rat" song we have ever heard. The orchestra fulfilled the high expectations that had been formed of it during the rehearsals, its beauty and sonority of tone being unsurpassable. These qualities were especially noticeable in the magnificent scene of the "Invocation of Nature," which we never remember hearing so finely rendered. The chorus, too, did its work well, having been evidently carefully rehearsed by Mr. Alfred Broughton, a most painstaking choir master. As regards quality, the sopranos were delightful, though, like the other departments of the chorus, either rather tired from the arduous work of Monday and Tuesday or not quite the equals in power of some of the former Festival choruses. We trust that a further experience may show the former supposition to be the correct one. The altos were good, and the basses; the tenors being the weakest members of the body; their intonation was frequently at fault, whilst their production was by no means beyond reproach. Still, it is a remarkably fine chorus, taken altogether, and it is only from a very high standpoint that fault can be found with it.

Of this evening's concert we must content ourselves by giving a very brief account, reserving details till next week's issue; for Mr. Corder's new cantata, "The Sword of Argantyr," is a work of such scope and importance as to deserve more than a hurried and perfunctory notice, and we will for the present confine ourselves to the performance, which was on the whole a good one, excellent on the part of chorus and orchestra, but less so as regards the soloists. Madame Valleria took the important part of Hervor, but was prevented by indisposition from doing it anything like justice, so that we must wait for another and more favourable opportunity before judgment can be passed upon the important music falling to her share. Mr. Piercy's pleasant voice and refined style told well in the pretty ballad, "Do you know, silly sheep," but he seemed somewhat overweighted in some of the concerted music. Mr. Barrington Foote's opportunity was in Eric's ballad, "Argantyr has ridden away to the chase," which he sang with great spirit; and Mr. A. F. Ferguson, a young bass with a fine voice of considerable power and quality, was a successful representative of Argantyr. Mr. Corder conducted, and was well received, especially by the chorus.

The third act of "Tannhäuser," which formed the second part of the concert, was remarkable for the superb rendering by Mr. Edward Lloyd of

Tannhäuser's solo, in which he narrates the story of his pilgrimage. The orchestration also received ample justice, but the remaining solo parts were rendered in a manner not deserving of more than moderate commendation. Miss Fillingier was well suited with the music of Venus, but Mr. Barrington Foote was a rather hard and unsympathetic Wolfram, and Madame Valleria was obviously too much out of health to do justice to the part of Elisabeth.

DR. A. C. MACKENZIE.

Alexander Campbell Mackenzie, the son of a well-known Scottish musician, was born at Edinburgh in 1847. At the age of ten he was sent to Germany to study music under W. Ulrich and Ed. Stein at Sondershausen, where, entering the grand-ducal orchestra as a violinist, at the early age of fourteen, he had the inestimable advantage not only of gaining practical experience as an orchestral player, but also of familiarising himself with the secrets of writing effectively for the orchestra. He remained in Germany till 1862, when on coming to London he was elected King's Scholar at the Royal Academy of Music, where he continued his studies of the violin under M. Sainanton. In 1865 he returned to his native city, and for several years resided there in full occupation as a violinist, organist, pianoforte teacher, choirmaster, and composer. At length (in 1879) circumstances allowed him to emancipate himself from such drudgery, and, while living in Italy, to devote the greater part of his time to composition, the result being a large number of works, among the most important of which belonging to this and the anterior period may be specified two overtures, a scherzo, and two Scotch rhapsodies for orchestra; a string quartet, a pianoforte quartet; several pianoforte pieces, songs, part-songs and anthems; two cantatas, "The Bride" and "Jason;" and the opera "Columba." The delights of a composer's life of retirement in so charming a city as that of Florence, however, could not last for ever. Fame came, and the production of such well known works as "The Rose of Sharon," a second opera, "The Troubadour," a violin concerto, the orchestral ballad, "La Belle Dame sans Merci," an Overture to "Twelfth Night," &c., as well as the duties which the conductorship of Novello's Choir involved, necessitated many journeys to England and prolonged sojourns in London. Still, he could not be induced to leave his beloved Florence; and, therefore, it was not till he was appointed Principal of the Royal Academy of Music, on the death of Sir George Macfarren in 1887, that he came permanently to reside among us. As Principal of that time-honoured institution he has already effected many happy and much-needed reforms, but still finds time for composition of the highest class.

THE FUNCTION OF THE AMATEUR.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: I fully sympathise with the grievance of your correspondent "A Struggling Viola-Player," and many thanks are due to your esteemed journal for ventilating it. It will become a very serious matter for members of the musical profession if amateurs lend themselves for the purpose of "padding out" a concert for some particular star, as in the instance of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society at the Hegner Concerts. Such societies as these are on the increase, and vie with each other in working for the glory of art. If the bad example set should be followed, the question raised by one of your contemporaries, "Is life worth living?" must be answered with a decided negative by many, including

Yours faithfully,

"A STRUGGLING 'CELLIST."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE "MUSICAL WORLD."

SIR: Every hard-working professional musician must be grateful to you for publishing the letter of "A Struggling Viola-Player." The importance of drawing attention to the attempt of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society to take the bread out of the mouths of toiling professionals cannot be over-estimated. I have spoken, and been spoken to, by many brother-artists on the subject of this departure from all the recognised legitimate functions of the amateur, and all agree in condemning the action of the Society, and regret that such a well-known professional musician as the Society's conductor should have connected himself in any way with the concert.

Yours obediently,

"FLAUTIST."

THE ARTS AND CRAFTS EXHIBITION.

BY WILFRED PRAEGER.

"Arts and Crafts" is an essentially happy title. It suggests a blending of beauty with utility that should lead to perfection. It rings, too, with that "craft of delight" which Swinburne has declared necessary to the production of a perfect roundel, and which we could equally well apply to all forms of art. With notions such as these we have visited the second exhibition by that society which represents English decorative work; and we regret to confess, we have been disappointed. That there is much worthy of praise it is impossible to deny; but the faults which characterise the inferior exhibits are those most disheartening to earnest art workers. We will leave alone the vexed question as to whether true decorative art should be pure convention or naturalism; but we can still insist upon the application of either principle in a manner bespeaking a human craftsman—an individual with a temperament, reason, and appreciation of his own. In other words, we can with justice demand originality. And it is this which is lacking. That archaism is not necessarily beauty is a platitude for all decorative workers to lay to heart. The leading theme of the present exhibition would appear to be the reproduction of things antiquated, united with a style of working for some years peculiar to Burne Jones and Mr. William Morris.

In proof of our assertion we point to Mr. Ryland's "Ecce Ancilla Domini." The character of this panel is sweetness and simplicity, with much charm. But then Burne Jones is also so strongly suggested that we confusedly wonder what was the painter's motive—beauty or imitation. Art work which calls for such analysis as this is wanting in that quality of completeness which belongs to the best examples. Mr. Holiday's design for a window is freer and more original. The style is conventional, but the design is full of loveliness. In an attempt to portray the divine the artist has avoided the superhuman, and strives to attain his object by the picturing of human expression of the purest type. It is a thankless task to criticise Burne Jones otherwise than favourably, since his work almost invariably excels; and there are few of his admirers who would admit any degree of difference in the standard of his productions. His two-light window, executed by Morris and Co., affords proof, however, that this artist does produce work of unequal merit. The present example shows an overwhelming amount of school, the school of Burne Jones, it is true; nevertheless, when searching for inspiration we are disappointed to find school alone. In the same room with the above-mentioned works are Mr. Inigo Thomas's repousse plaques. Large brass and copper plates broadly worked will suffice for description. A comparison between these and the ordinary electro salver will explain their *raison d'être*, the prices bringing the former well within reach of most purchasers.

Of bookbindings we could not but notice that of a copy of "Parsifal." This was in rich red leather, tooled in wreathing pattern, intertwined at each end in forms suggesting lyres. Although hardly suiting the subject of the work, the design is charming. "The story of Sigard the Volsung and the Fall of the Nibelungs" also attracted one's attention. This is bound in brown leather with boldly lettered back, the ornament being appropriately simple. Both are the work of Mr. Cobden Sanderson. Sir Frederick Leighton's bronze cast for "The Sluggard" is a success. Should the reproduction be good, Sir Frederick will boast at least one work full of expression. How different is his jubilee medallion; can we ask the occasion and period to account for the utter dulness of convention which we find here?

Passing through a large collection of lacework we found a music cabinet designed by C. R. Ashbee. It is commodious, certainly, but has left such an impression of ugliness that description were better avoided. It is, however, beauty which stamps the exhibits of Messrs. Maw and Son. That beauty of colour which cannot fail to enchant. We refer more especially to a lustre tile panel with figures by Walter Crane and a border by Mr. Lewis Day. Here is such brilliant subtilty of tone as even surpasses Lady Campbell's picture in her descriptive "Rainbow Music." From orange to mauve, from red brown to deep blue, are to be seen gradations of hue combined with such art, with such an evasion of positive colour that each tile is left sparkling as if with life. Of piano panels there are two at least superior to those usually adopted by aesthetes. One of these is painted by Mr. John Eyre. Orpheus is represented with charmed animal attendants, and among the scroll ornament we find

"In sweet music is such art
Killing care and grief of heart."

The Poet's World.

THE CRANES OF IBYCUS.

Translated from the German of SCHILLER.

BY THE REV. FREDERICK K. HARFORD.

I.

To strive in chariot-race and song
all Greeks to Corinth's Isthmus throng.
Among them from his western home
goes IBYCUS—pride of Rhegium:
and none, as he, with words of fire
could charm all hearts to ecstasy:
APOLLO self had given his lyre
The sweet-voiced month of Poesy.

II.

Soon from its distant mountain-height
Acro-Corinthus greets his sight:
and now—as weary day declines—
he nears POSEIDON's grove of pines.
Nought stirs around—save where on high
long swarms of cranes are on the wing:
southward—to seek a warmer sky—
those dark-grey flocks are wandering.

III.

"Hail, friendly squadrons! Hail to ye,
"mine old companions of the sea!
"Your escort seems a favouring sign,
"for like your destiny is mine.
"From distant shores we both have come:
"both seek a shelter safe from harm.
"May friends be with us while we roam,
"and Mighty Jove's protecting arm."

IV.

Onward he steps in joyous mood
through winding mazes of the wood,
when—springing sudden on their prey—
two murderers bar the narrow way!
Compell'd to fight,—ah! soon must tire
the Minstrel's hand 'neath strife and blow:
well-skill'd to wake the gentle lyre
it never bent the warrior's bow.

V.

On men and Gods he calls amain:
but prayer for help goes forth in vain!
His piercing cries ring far and clear:
Alas! no living soul can hear.
"And must I, then, in foreign land—
"thus helpless—miserable die!
"the victim of a felon hand!
"No friend's avenging witness nigh!

VI.

Bleeding—he falls: but hark!—a sound!
Slow-nearing forms come circling round!
He hears—though death beclouds his eyes—
their rustling wings, their gruesome cries.

"You, then, good cranes—that sail above,—
Sole mourners at my lonely death,
May you my Shade's avengers prove."
He faintly gasps:—then yields his breath.

VII.

At morn the naked corpse is found:
and soon—though marr'd by many a wound—
are known in Corinth by his host
the well-loved features of the lost.
"Ah, friend! to find thee thus—and dead!
"I—who had fondly hoped to twine
"with joyous hand around thy head
"The conquering-Minstrel's crown of pine!"

VIII.

And bitter grief descends on all
met for POSEIDON's Festival:
both young and old his death bemoan:
each seems to feel the loss his own.
Forth to the Seat of Judgment dread
press multitudes—demanding loud—
'Vengeance for Manes of the dead;
'Atonement with the murderer's blood.'

IX.

But say,—amidst that streaming throng—
peoples and hosts that pour along—
how can or clue or trace be shown
whereby the assassin may be known?
"Did robber deal the coward blow?
"Or envious, lurking, enemy?
"HELIOS alone the truth can know
"Who scanneth all with piercing eye!"

X.

"Haply—he treads with impious feet
"here—where our clans assembling meet:
"and—whilst stern Vengeance tracks his road—
"is revelling on the fruits of blood!
"Who knows but on some Temple's ground
"before the Gods he dares appear?
"and mixes with the crowds around
"that throng towards the Theatre?"

* * * * *

XI.

Now—quickly filling—rows by rows—
Soon warm with life the Building grows.
Endless the multitudes appear,
pour'd through the entries far and near.
Low murmuring—as with Ocean's roar—
upward the streaming floods are driven
till the last circle-waves that soar
fade melting in the blue of Heaven.

XII.

Who might their numbers tell? or name
the varied hosts that thither came?
from *Theseus' Town—from Aulis' strand—
from Phocis—and the Spartan land.
From neighb'ring ASIA's coasts they throng;
and all the Ægean isles are here,
eager to list the choric song
in world-famed Corinth's Theatre.

* Athens.

(To be continued.)

The Organ World.

THE PROPER ACCENTUATION OF THE NICENE CREED.

The questions respecting disputed points in the accentuation of the Nicene Creed, which have been submitted to the highest Authorities in England—are as follows:—

A—Should there be a gap, i.e., anything more than a crotchet or quaver rest (the equivalent to a comma) between the leading phrase of the Priest and the continuation (or repetition) taken up by the choir?

B—Should we read 'visible and invisible' or 'visible and invisibile'?

C—Should we read God of God, or God of God?

D—Should a musical rest equivalent to a, or a; or a: be placed after FATHER, in order to keep that word separate from 'By Whom'?

E—Should the chief accent be on 'rose,' or 'again'?

F—Is it best to read,—

(a)—Who with the FATHER and the SON together, is worshipped?

(b)—Who with the FATHER and the SON, together, is worshipped?

(c)—Who with the FATHER and the SON, together is worshipped?

G—Is 'together is worshipped' allowable in English?

H—Does 'I look . . . for' or 'I look for . . . ' best express *proso-kōmen* and 'expecto'?

The replies to these questions are as follows:—

A (1)—The Archimandrite (Dr. Dionysius Plaisias) says that in the Orthodox Greek Church the Creed is not sung by a Choir, but intoned by the Patriarch or Archimandrite from the Lectern, and that a comma is all that intervenes between *Θεὸν* and *τὸν Πατέρα*.

The Bishop of London, the Bishop of Hereford, the Bishop of Ely, the Bishop of Exeter, the Bishop of St. David's, the Bishop of Sodor and Man, the Bishop of Ballarat, Earl Nelson, the Dean of Christ Church, the Dean of Wells, Dr. Vane (Head Master of Eton), Dr. Holden, Canon Tristram, the Rector of St. James', Canon Swayne, Dr. Stanley Leathes, Canon Bowlby, The Rev. Vere Bayne of Ch. Ch., The Rev. Jex Blake, late Head Master of Rugby; The Rev. Wickham, Head Master of Wellington College; The Rev. Wilson, Head Master of Clifton College; The Rev. Dr. Horsley, and the Rev. Newman Hall consider that no more than a comma (i.e., a crotchet or quaver rest) should be allowed to intervene.

A—(2) The Bishop of Guildford thinks that more than a crotchet rest should intervene.

B—(1) His Eminence Cardinal Archbishop Manning writes:

"There can be little doubt that the accent should be on *invisible*." The Bishop of Bath and Wells (Lord Alfred Hervey) who adds 'beyond all doubt' The Bishop of Ely (Lord Alwyne Compton) The Bishop of Hereford (James Atlay) The Bishop of Exeter (Edward Henry Bickersteth) The Bishop of Sodor and Man (John Waring Bardsley) The Bishop of Guildford (George Henry Sumner) The Bishop of Ballarat (Samuel Thornton) The Earl of Beauchamp, Earl Nelson The Dean of Christ Church (H. G. Liddell) The Dean of Wells (E. H. Plumtre) Dr. Vane (Head Master of Eton) Canon Tristram, Canon Swayne, The Rector of St. James' The Head Master of Wellington College, Dr. Stanley Leathes, The Revd. Vere Bayne, and The Revd. J. Horsley—are of the same opinion.

B—(2) The Bishop of London (Frederick Temple), The Bishop of St. Davids (William Basil Jones), The Revd. Jex Blake, and the Head Master of Clifton College think that the first syllable of *invisible* when used in contrast with *visible* should bear no accent.

C—(1) The Archimandrite writes:—"It ought to be *God of God*, as expressing *θεὸν ἐκ θεοῦ*."

The Cardinal Archbishop writes:—"DEUM *de* DEO refers to the Eternal Generation. So also '*de*' *lumine*, &c., and the '*de*' is emphatic. This would apply to the English translation."

The Bishop of Hereford, The Bishop of Bath and Wells, The Bishop of Ely, The Bishop of Exeter, The Bishop of St. Davids, The Bishop of Sodor and Man, The Bishop of Guildford, The Bishop of Ballarat, The Dean of

Christ Church, The Dean of Wells, The Earl Nelson, The Head Master of Eton, Canon Tristram, Canon Bowlby, Canon Swayne, The Rector of St. James', Dr. Holden, Dr. Stanley Leathes, the Revd. Vere Bayne, The Revd. Jex Blake, and the Head Master of Clifton College consider that the accent on the preposition "*of*" should be equal to that upon the Sacred Name.

The Earl of Beauchamp writes that 'much is to be said for both alternatives.

C—(2) The Bishop of London writes:—"I entirely agree with regard to the doctrine expressed by the '*de*' in '*DEUM de DEO*,' but for that very reason cannot allow the '*de*' to be emphatic. The word '*of*' depends on '*begotten*' a little way lower down; and this connexion is obscured if it be emphasized. Read full, it will be '*God begotten of God*' but who then would emphasize the '*of*'?"

As a rule the less emphasis the better throughout the Creed.

F. London."

Besides the Lord Bishop of London The Head Master of Wellington College and The Revd. Newman Hall think that the accentuation should be *God of God*.

D. The Bishop of London writes:—"Whatever rest follows '*were made*' should precede '*By Whom*.'" (This evidently implies either a; or a:)

D—(1) The Bishop of Bath and Wells, The Bishop of Ballarat, The Earl of Beauchamp, Canon Tristram, The Head Master of Wellington College, and the Rev. J. Horsley would place a colon.

D—(2) The Bishop of Ely, the Bishop of Hereford, The Bishop of St. Davids, The Bishop of Guildford, Earl Nelson, The Dean of Christ Church, The Dean of Wells, The Head Master of Eton, Canon Bowlby, Canon Swayne, Doctor Stanley Leathes, Dr. Holden, and the Head Master of Clifton College would place a semicolon.

D—(3) The Bishop of Sodor and Man, The Revd. Jex Blake, and the Revd. Newman Hall would place a, to separate the word "*FATHER*" from the clause "*By Whom all things were made*."

E—(1) The Bishop of Hereford, The Bishop of Bath and Wells, The Bishop of Ely, The Bishop of Exeter, The Bishop of St. Davids, The Bishop of Sodor and Man, The Bishop of Guildford, The Bishop of Ballarat, The Dean of Christ Church, The Dean of Wells, The Head Master of Eton, Dr. Holden, Canon Tristram, Canon Bowlby, Canon Swayne, Dr. Stanley Leathes, The Rector of St. James', The Revd. Vere Bayne, The Rev. Jex Blake, The Head Master of Wellington College, The Head Master of Clifton College, The Revd. J. Horsley, and the Rev. Newman Hall place the chief accent on '*rose*.'

The Bishop of London omits mention of this point.

The Earl of Beauchamp and Earl Nelson prefer equal accent on '*rose*' and '*again*'

E—(2) All reject the idea of making '*again*' longer or stronger than '*rose*.'

F—(1) The Cardinal Archbishop writes:—"So also '*Qui cum Patre et Filio simul*' refers to the '*Consubstantial Unity*' which therefore demands Divine worship. The '*together*' is '*cum* and '*simul*' and is emphatic: therefore reading (a) is right"

The Bishop of London, The Bishop of Bath and Wells, The Bishop of Ely (who writes, "If there must be a pause, better *none*") The Bishop of Hereford, The Bishop of St. Davids, The Bishop of Sodor and Man, The Bishop of Guildford, The Bishop of Ballarat, The Earl of Beauchamp who writes "certainly (a)," Earl Nelson, The Dean of Christ Church, Canon Bowlby, Canon Swayne, Dr. Holden, The Rev. Vere Bayne, The Rev. Jex Blake, The Head Master of Clifton College, The Rev. J. Horsley, and The Rev. Newman Hall prefer reading (a)

The Bishop of Guildford, The Dean of Wells, and The Head Master of Eton propose a comma after '*Who*.'

F—(2) The Head Master of Eton, The Head Master of Wellington, and Canon Tristram—prefer reading (b).

F—(3) The Bishop of Exeter, The Dean of Wells, and The Rector of St. James' prefer reading (c) '*together is worshipped*.'

G—(1) To the question "Is '*together is worshipped*' allowable in English?" The Bishop of London, The Bishop of Bath and Wells, The Bishop of Ely, The Bishop of St. David's, The Bishop of Guildford, The Dean of Christ Church (who writes "Hardly"), The Head Master of Eton, Canon Tristram, Canon Bowlby, Canon Swayne, Dr. Holden, Dr. Stanley Leathes, The Rev.

Jex Blake, The Head Master of Clifton College and The Rev. J. Horsley write 'No.'

G—(2) The Bishop of Exeter implies that it is allowable English. The Dean of Wells writes 'Yes,' and the Rector of St. James writes 'Yes, but inelegant.'

H. Does (a) 'I look . . . for' or (b) 'I look for . . . ' best express 'prosdokōmen' and 'expecto'?

H—(1) The Archimandrite prefers (b)

The Cardinal Archbishop writes 'In H (b) is right'

The Bishop of London, The Bishop of Hereford, The Bishop of Bath and Wells, The Bishop of Ely, The Bishop of Exeter, The Bishop of St. Davids, The Bishop of Guildford, The Bishop of Ballarat, The Earl of Beauchamp, The Dean of Christ Church, The Dean of Wells, The Head Master of Eton, Canon Tristram, Canon Bowlby, Canon Swayne, Dr. Holden, Dr. Stanley Leathes, The Rev. Vere Bayne, The Rector of St. James', The Head Master of Wellington College, the Head Master of Clifton College, and the Rev. J. Horsley prefer (b) 'I look for . . . '

The Bishop of Sodor and Man omits mention of this point.

H—(2) Earl Nelson, Canon Bowlby, The Rev. Jex Blake, and the Rev. Newman Hall prefer (a) i.e., the long accented "look."

The Earl of Beauchamp writes:—"Sir I do not think that your questions have exhausted the possibilities of accent": and several of the Bishops and eminent scholars who have generously sent replies have pointed out the importance of placing a comma after 'Lord,' in the 3rd portion of the Creed. Reference to the first article written on this Creed in our issue of August 3rd and to the subsequent Hint (No. 18) for the use of those about to set the music—will show that attention has already been called to this point.

We need hardly say that we shall be grateful to any superior scholar who will show where a point of importance has been overlooked; but after nine weeks of open discussion ample testimony leads to the inference that the 'memoranda' or 'hints' which appeared in our issue of Aug. 17 may safely be relied upon. It will be best, perhaps, to repeat here what has already been said in a previous number—that minute explanation and what must seem 'childish' warnings against absurd treatment of words and phrases have been found necessary on account of the occurrences of these very errors—not only in settings of the Creed by eminent Masters of other centuries, but also in those of talented Professors and Doctors of Music at the present day.

It seemed to us an advantage that these 'hints' err upon the safe side: and we deemed that, with such full explanation respecting what should be followed and what avoided, the accentuation of the phrases might now be safely left to the intelligence of the composer.

We regret much that distance has prevented us from asking opinions from the Bishops of the American Church. A word of explanation is also due to the Prelates of Ireland and Scotland—that owing to the pressure of various matters—letters were sent only yesterday to them and to certain chief persons among the Laity, who are well known judges of the idioms of our language.

Next week, when the full number of replies has been received, the result should be submitted to His Grace the Primate, in order that an opinion may be obtained from the Chief Pastor in this kingdom concerning questions which no member of the Anglican Church, and few belonging to other Religious Communities will deny are of greatest interest to many thoughtful persons in the present generation.

THE VARIOUS OPINIONS GIVEN ARE AS FOLLOWS:—

A

- A (1) 24 not more than a crotchet or quaver rest.
A (2) 1 more than a crotchet rest.

Majority 21 for A (1).

B

- B (1) 20
B (2) 4

Majority 16 for B (1) visible and invisible.

C

One doubtful.

- C (1) 23
C (2) 3

Majority 20 for C (1) *God of God.*

D
One doubtful.

- D (1) 6 a,
D (2) 13 musical rest =;
D (3) 3 a : between FATHER and By Whom.

Majority 7 for D (2).

E

One doubtful, and two for equal accent.

- E (1) 23
E (2) None

Majority 23 (or 21) for accent on 'rose.'

F

- F (1) 20
F (2) 3
F (3) 3

Majority 14 for F (1) 'with The FATHER and The SON together.'

G

- G (1) 15 No.
1 implies Yes.
G (2) 2 Yes.

Majority 12 for rejecting 'together is worshipped' as not allowable in English.

H

- H (1) 24
H (2) 4

Majority 20 for H = (b) 'look for.' . . .

THESE MAJORITIES SHOW—

A—That there should not be more than a comma (i.e., a crochet or quaver rest) between the leading phrase of the Priest and the continuation taken up by the choir.

B—That there is an accent on invisible when contrasted with visible.

C—That *GOD* of *GOD* (eternally Begotten) is the most appropriate accentuation.

D—That there should be a pause equivalent to a semi-quaver—i.e., that in music, whether by rest or otherwise, the word 'FATHER' should be kept separate from 'By Whom.'

E—That the chief accent should be on 'rose' in 'rose again.'

F—That "together" should be taken with the preceding words 'The FATHER and The SON.'

G—That "together is worshipped" is rejected as not allowable in English.

H—That 'look for' is a compound transitive verb, and should be pronounced as if the verb and preposition were linked.

The conclusion thus far arrived at therefore is that the 'hints' for Church composers put forward in our issue of August 17 were both in the main and in detail correct: and that the objections that have been raised against them during the last eight or nine weeks must be looked upon as invalid.

NOTES.

The organ in St. Barnabas, Pimlico, has been entirely reconstructed on what is known as the "Casson system of control," and during last week was visited by a large number of leading organists. The instrument has three manuals, the usual pedal board and forty-one speaking stops acted upon by tubular pneumatics. The peculiarity of the system consists in each organ—great, swell, and choir—having its own separate pedal stops always suited to it in power and quality, which come into action and are coupled simultaneously by ordinary combination pedals, or in the words of the inventor, "Combination actions govern a given manual division and its corresponding allotment of pedal stops and coupler." By this means the constant manipulation of "pedal couplers" is avoided, the slight pressure of a "stud," conveniently placed under each manual, ensuring the proper quality of bass on the pedals. Organists who have only two manual organs to play on will at once appreciate this important improvement. Mr. Casson applies the same principles to the manuals, attaching several manual organs, with their augmentative couplers to the manual clavier, with almost equally valuable results. Thus in the St. Barnabas organ a "Bombarde" or loud solo organ is obtained entirely by "duplication" from the great organ and its pedalier, and a solo or echo organ from the swell. Each

having its "pedalier" the performer can play solo passages on any of the manuals without breaking up his great or swell combinations, thus imparting to an organ of three manuals most of the advantages obtained by one or five of ordinary construction. Another important appliance is a full organ pedal which acts similarly to the *Grand jeu* of the harmonium, by which means the player can pass, by a touch of the finger on one of the "studs," from the softest single stop to the full power of the organ without disturbing the original registering of the respective manuals. The invention would seem destined to revolutionise much in the present system of organ building, and certainly goes far to minimise the long pauses often unavoidable in ordinary organ arrangements, but which so frequently mar organ performances.

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The determination of the Bishop of London to enforce upon the younger clergy the necessity of good reading, and of adapting their voices to the church or room in which they are ministering, will meet with much approval from those who, Sunday after Sunday, have to listen to the elocutionary efforts of candidates for Holy Orders. Reading aloud is a difficult art satisfactorily attained by few, and owing to its abundance of imagery and depth of meaning no book is more difficult to read intelligently than the Bible.

THE DIARY OF A WANDERING MINSTREL.

BY LOUIS N. PARKER.

(Continued from page 689.)

AUGUST 28 (Antwerp).—Meet my friend whom I will call the Bostonian. We are both sleepy and averse to seeing anything in the shape of a sight. Think best way would be to hire a cab by the hour and take a nap. Consumptive horse with churchyard cough which shakes us as much as it does him. Loquacious driver. Pulls up sharp at every fountain, monument, house, and lamppost, and pours oceans of useful information into us. Effectually wakes us up. On to Amsterdam. Never having travelled in Holland before, am much struck by beauty of country. Perfectly charming. Equally pleasing is the civility of its inhabitants. Everybody apparently delighted to see us. Custom House officials wave us gracefully by, as who should say "We are usually stern, but in your case —!" Ticket-collector shakes hands effusively, and Landlord of Pays Bas Hotel greets us as though we were his long-lost brothers. After dinner stroll in the Kalvertstraat, where the entire population have given each other *rendezvous*. Never saw such a merry crowd. All laughing, all shaking hands. All seem to be congratulating each other upon some monstrous good joke. And these are Dutchmen. Bostonian, sleeper than ever, retires early. Mindful that I am a traveller in music, I ask the porter where I can find some. Am directed to the Nes. After diligent search discover it. The Nes, an unwholesome looking street full of music-halls. Does not look promising. Plunge into a brilliant doorway. Find myself in an unspeakably shabby room, long and low, reeking with tobacco smoke. Audience of seven sickly boys smoking indescribable cigars. At one end a bar with improbable drinks. At the other end a low platform with a row of houris in gorgeous apparel. One houri gets up, howls for five minutes and sits down again. Plunge out and hurry home to kill that porter.

AUGUST 29.—Morning spent in Museum, afternoon in Zoological Gardens, evening in "Hat Concertgebouw." This is more like it. There is a grand concert under the patronage of an aristocratic association of lawyers. Beautiful room as big as St. James's Hall. Family parties sit cosily at tables taking light refreshments. There is no smoking. As soon as the music begins, dead silence. Fine orchestra. Classical programme. First part Academic Overture, Brahms, and Beethoven's Seventh Symphony. Second part, Overture to "Oberon," Romance for violin, Bruch. Serenade for strings, Volkmann, and Overture to "Tannhäuser." The conductor, a deputy, buries his face in the score, and confines his efforts to beating a square four in a bar. The solo violinist, Concertmeester, Chr. Trimmer, proves himself an excellent young artist with a magnificent tone. The concert is nothing extraordinary, but the charm lies in the cheap admission and the comfort and ease of the surroundings.

AUGUST 30 (The Hague).—Regulation sights. Then to Scheveningen. Magnificent concert in the Kurhaus on the sands. Orchestra of the Berlin

Philharmonic Society, under Kogel. Here is the programme. Overture, "Coriolanus," Beethoven; Prelude to "Parsifal," Italian Symphony; Academic Overture, Brahms; Violin Concerto, Beethoven; Incidental music to Peer Gynt, Grieg. Admission two shillings; and again you have plenty of room to sit and sip your ice or your coffee. The orchestra is superb, and the execution of the Parsifal prelude and of the Peer Gynt music quite perfect. When shall we see Ibsen's play produced with Grieg's music at Drury Lane? Moonshine soap turns up again in the form of "Moonshine Zeep."

AUGUST 31.—Birthday of the little Crown Princess Wilhelmina of Holland. Great rejoicings in the Hague. We run down in the amiable steam-tram to Scheveningen for a dip in the sea. The beach is a curious sight. Every visitor has his own covered wickerwork chair; these are grouped in sociable circles, so that the beach looks like an Indian settlement or a field of exaggerated mushrooms. This is a dull arrangement for the casual tourist. Makes him feel like a homeless outcast. When our tram takes us back to the Hague there is a review in honour of the Princess. The tram passes through the park where the review is being held, and we feel, as the Bostonian expresses it, real good when we steam slowly, with much ringing of a bell, through the entire Dutch army, scattering gorgeous generals and things to the right and left. On to Brussels. No music.

SEPTEMBER 1.—Sights, stale old sights in Brussels. No luck theatrically or musically. Everything just going to be opened. At midnight start for Paris. Hate a night journey. Cannot sleep in a train. Presently—

SEPTEMBER 2.—Feel somebody assaulting me violently. See as in a dream the Bostonian standing over me in a threatening attitude and punching me in the ribs. He cannot want to murder me for my money because I am cleaned out; has he gone mad? "Here we are," he shouts "Paris!" These Americans are always so humorous. But I am not to be caught napping, so I wink and reply "Get out!" "That's just what we've got to do, you dormouse," says he: and it is true: we are in Paris. How we got here I haven't the faintest notion. Hotel Castiglione. Breakfast. Suppressed excitement about Eiffel Tower. As soon as we get into the streets crane our necks in the effort to see the top. At last we stand at the foot of it. It is only nine o'clock, and already there are five hundred people waiting to go up in the lift. So we walk up. Rest of the day spent in Exhibition. Home with five thousand pictures, ten military bands, a whole gallery of machines, and half a million sight-seers spinning round in my head. Shall we go to the opera? The opera comique? Sarah Bernhardt? "Hamlet?" No, we will go to bed.

SEPTEMBER 3.—Attack the Exhibition in real earnest. In all the thousands of modern pictures exhibited there are only six inspired by Wagnerian subjects. These are by Fantin Latour, and illustrate the Nibelung's Ring. The exhibition is very enjoyable, but very, very tiring. So tiring that when evening comes we are quite unfit to tackle any intellectual entertainment, and can only sit in some open-air place and try to get cool.

SEPTEMBER 4.—Still the Exhibition. There is subject for a romance by Heine here. At the restaurant where we lunch they have provided music for us. A Roumanian family sit on a little platform, playing quaint instruments and singing quaint ballads. There is a ponderous father, whose embroidered belt is many sizes too small for him; a frowsy mother, with a face like an eagle and hungry eyes that furtively watch the crowd as if she could look into our pockets and see every coin in them; a swarm of children, who take every opportunity of slipping off the platform and playing at hide-and-seek among the pillars. And then there is the eldest daughter, who never stirs from her seat, but is playing or singing all day long. Sometimes she plays a weird melody on the fiddle while the old woman thrums an accompaniment on the guitar, or she sings a simple ballad to the same accompaniment, but always there is on her beautiful face an expression of utter weariness, and in her great yearning brown eyes a look which wanders far away over the motley crowd, over Paris, away, away, to her wild hills where some shepherd or perhaps some brigand is breaking his heart for her. Every now and then a Parisian masher strolls up, says a few killing words, and drops a coin in her plate. A pale ghost of a smile passes over her face, while the old woman nods and curtsies and puts on a diabolical leer which—no matter.

SEPTEMBER 5.—The last of the Exhibition; the last of Paris; the last of the holidays. As we leave Calais harbour a huge bill of "Savon Moonshine" waves us a fond adieu.

SEPTEMBER 6.—London, and then my dear, good, old Saerborne. As I stroll home from the station there stand Brown, Jones, and Robinson, still gossiping by the Conduit, just as I left them when I started. I don't believe they have moved a yard in all these five weeks. They greet me with a cordiality which is too exuberant not to be feigned. "Ah," says Robinson, "glad enough you must be to get back to wholesome victuals." Jones chimes in "Going to write articles about your trip?" "Moonshine," grunts Brown. "Or criticise the Bayroot show?" asks Robinson. "Soap," says Jones.

THE END.

FOREIGN NOTES.

Modern Flemish music lost one of its earliest and most distinguished representatives in M. Charles Miry, who died at the beginning of this month, aged sixty-six. He was born at Ghent, 14th August, 1823, educated at Ghent and Paris, and after producing a considerable number of successful lyric works became Professor of Composition at the Conservatoire of his native town. M. Miry was the predecessor of M. Pierre Benoit in the production of operas and cantatas written to Flemish words, and if his works have made less sensation in the world at large they were not the less extremely popular with his countrymen. He has produced about half-a-dozen grand operas, of which Fétis calls "Charles V." an opera in five acts, performed at Ghent in 1857, the most important—several one-act pieces, many songs and choruses for schools, cantatas, choruses for male voices, romances, &c. We do not remember ever to have seen his name in an English programme.

We hear that Herr Grieg recently inquired of the "Concert-Union" of Copenhagen whether the society could afford him the opportunity of producing his new composition "Olaf Trygvason." The society had already begun the rehearsal of another work, but at once declared itself willing to perform Herr Grieg's cantata, to which we referred a few weeks ago. The work will therefore be performed when Herr Grieg passes through Copenhagen on his next continental tour. The score will be published by Peters of Leipzig, at Christmas.

Herr Pollini, director of the Hamburg Stadt-Theater, one of the most able and enterprising impresarios of Germany, has received the title of Hofrath (Court Councillor) from the Duke of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, "in recognition of his eminent services as an impresario."

At the "Fenice," Naples, a new operetta entitled "Abukadabar," composed by M. Crescenzo Buongiorno, a young pupil of the Conservatory, was recently performed.

The theatre at Zurich, one of the most important in Switzerland, has just reopened. The scheme includes, amongst other important operas, the "Folkunger" of Edmund Kretschmer, Victor Nessler's "Ratterfänger," "Mignon," and the "Meistersinger."

Mozart is to have his Bayreuth. A series of representations of "Le Nozze" are to be organised in Salzburg on the grandest scale, supported by the most eminent German vocalists, and under the conductorship of Hans Richter.

M. Philippe Spitta, whose fine biography of Sebastian Bach has placed him amongst the first historians of German musical composers, is occupied with a similar work on Henry Marschner, author of the "Vampire" and several other operas almost unknown out of Germany, but which have long been favourites in the Fatherland.

Miss Dora Bright is touring in Germany, and performing with much success in many of the chief towns. At Dresden she appeared along with Miss Angela Vanbrugh, a young violinist, who shared in the success obtained.

A Florence musical paper, the "Bellini," publishes the "Boulanger March," arranged for mandoline solo!

The Dramatic World.

"CASTE."

LONDON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 9TH, 1889.

MY DEAR MR. FIELDMOUSE,—

There are a few works of art, and among them a few, a very few plays, which have passed the stage of criticism with us: to which we turn for sheer enjoyment. The chief of these, among modern English plays, is to my mind "Caste." Of the original plays produced during the quarter of a century that I have known the London stage the two best are certainly "Caste" and "Clancarty," and of these I think the earlier must come first. It is written to be acted and not to be read, of course; but how perfect it is when it is acted—how delightful, even when it is not acted very well! I have seen it with every cast by which it has been played in London and with three country companies; and I am not quite certain that I ever enjoyed it as heartily as this week.

There is a good deal of hope and a good deal of discouragement to be drawn by the well-wishers of the drama from this performance; so go to the Criterion, I beg you, and be cheered and discouraged. It is a little saddening, when we have been trying hard to think that our plays were so quickly improving in this year of special grace, 1889, to come face to face with a comedy of twenty years ago, and recognise the fact that not even our only Pinero has given us anything to equal it. We have got into the way of imagining that Robertson was only a writer of pleasant dialogue—pleasant, and not too strong; but in "Caste" we have character-drawing as vigorous as any that the modern stage has given us—Eccles, Polly, Esther, George D'Alroy, are all human beings that we have met, full of vitality, original, definite, standing firmly on their legs; and the *technique* of the piece is perfect—the construction is so absolutely simple and direct that one thinks that anybody could construct like this. It is only when everybody else fails in trying a simple story perfectly that we see what a master of the stage was here.

And the dialogue—how one remembers it, which is the best test of all! Line after line, the other night, came to my mind before the actor spoke it—"What angels women are!" said George D'Alroy, and I daresay a score of people in the theatre had anticipated him in their minds. "Father is a very clever man," said Polly Eccles, and everybody knew what she was going to say. Realism is carried to its extreme in this idyll of the Borough; and one is delighted to find how sweet a thing reality may be—even in the Borough. I think it might do M. Zola good to come among the artless Britishers, and see a theatre full of grown men and women crying their eyes out over the joys and sorrows of half a dozen ordinary Londoners. The whole thing is so true; and one is, in the main, so glad that it is true. That wonderful third act shows us the lives of a gasfitter, his sweetheart, a pothouse loafer, and a columbine who live in shabby rooms in Stangate; and behold, it is all poetry, and even the business-circular of a plumber has its romance! "The nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of the Borough-road and its vicinity" are called on to help the course of true love to run smooth; the columbine is a mother, and fights for her child as fiercely as a Lady Macbeth; not Orestes and Pylades were truer or more chivalrous to their friend than "the long swell" and "the little cad;" and the strong satire of Eccles saves the play from mawkishness and unreality.

The fault in the play—the only fault, one is tempted to say—is more apparent now than ever before. Robertson no doubt meant to make the Marquise de St. Maur a snob—it is perhaps not too

much to say that everyone in whom the caste-prejudice is strong must be a snob, more or less; she *was* a snob, no doubt, but in real life she would hardly have been so ill-mannered a snob as he has made her in the play. That is to say, she is more likely to have been, in her way, a well-mannered woman, and it would have been better art to make her one.

Yet I remember well that a certain passage from Froissart used to bring the tears to one's eyes when it was spoken by the original Marquise (was she Miss Larkin?). This is so no more; the part is very rarely well acted, and in the present revival is less well acted than usual.

There, I am very glad to say, criticism of the acting, as of the piece, ends, or rather merges in mere enjoyment. Remembering, as I say, every "run" of the piece in London, I am not sure that I can remember it better played; I am almost certain that, if ever, it has only been better played once.

Stage-managed by the author, when the author is a Tom Robertson or a Pinero, the original performance of a piece is almost sure to be the best; and with Fred Younge, George Honey, Hare, and Bancroft, and Mrs. Bancroft, Miss Lydia Foote, and Miss Larkin, one is perhaps justified in thinking that the first days of "Caste" must have been its very best of all. But, even then, the difference between those first days and the present was not great; while the Criterion performance is unquestionably better than late Bancroftian revivals, when the comedy showed a tendency to run rampant, and the serious scenes were inclined to be too slow. Now not merely are all the parts well played individually, with possibly one exception—but all work well together, and the piece is taken briskly and vigorously throughout. You must not forget—I do not for a moment suppose that you know it, my good friend, but when you *do* know it you must not forget that the Criterion stage-manager is now Mr. Edward Hastings, who was at the Prince of Wales's Theatre, I believe, all through the Bancroft management. (And no one who has not seen a rehearsal, or many rehearsals, knows what an all-important person a stage manager is.)

So, having disheartened you as a lover of plays, I may cheer you up as a lover of acting; for you will see that—if you attach any weight to my opinion—it is a very great thing that I have said. The present performance of "Caste" is within a very little as good as its original performance—which was absolute perfection; and you must remember that it is now being played by what one may almost call a scratch company—of the best actors, it is true, but newly brought together—and *then* it was performed by the only company in London with which even Robertson could at that time have made his comedy what it should be. Marie Wilton—"Mrs. Bancroft" had not then grown familiar to our ears—first showed absolute genius as Polly Eccles, a splendid picture of womanhood, fraught with tears almost as much as with laughter; Sam Gerridge was only the third in the list of Mr. Hare's exquisite little masterpieces, and Captain Hawtree was, I suppose, Mr. Bancroft's first real triumph; Lydia Foote was a charming Esther; Miss Larkin—I am almost sure it *was* Miss Larkin—far the best Marquise until the great Mrs. Stirling came, and played the part with all the splendid "authority" of the old school. George Honey we enthusiastic young Robertsonians used to think a little "out of the picture," a little too much the low comedian, not subdued, not realistic enough for the school then so new; but I am not at all sure that we were right. It was a strong piece of acting, full of decision, full of humour; by a very long way the best thing George Honey ever did.

And then—I have not mentioned the one who can never be replaced. There have been many D'Alroys—Harry Montague, Coghlan, John Clayton, and now Leonard Boyne—but *the* George D'Alroy is in his grave. Fred Younge gave us the lover we shall never forget, though he was not ordinarily an actor of lovers, but a character-actor or "low comedian;" he was the original Sergeant Jones in "Ours." But somehow—perhaps Robertson saw it in the man, and by his magic got it out—he contrived to make that honest edition of Rawdon Crawley (Rawdon flavoured with Dobbin, shall I say?), that heavy guardsman, "with his tongue too big for his mouth," with his heart too big for his intellect, alive and real, and never to be forgotten or unloved.

This is one of the hardest tasks—for an actor of to-day to follow Fred Younge as D'Alroy; but, honestly, Mr. Leonard Boyne has only one disqualification for it—which is that he is not Fred Younge. His is a delightful performance: full of sympathy, full of gentleness, with great force, which you never see but always feel when it needs to be felt, and with a pleasant humour which is constantly needful in playing Robertson. (Perhaps now and then Mr. Boyne smiles a trifle apologetically at D'Alroy's little jokes or little quaintnesses—forgets for a moment that the good George was too slow a man for these subtleties—"but that is a detail," as they say in "School," and a very tiny one.)

Of Mr. David James's splendid Eccles I need tell you nothing; it has been praised before, and not more highly than justly. It is certainly less stagey than George Honey's, and if now and then a little is lost in effect by the quieter style of the younger actor, the gain is probably as great as the loss. Like Honey, Mr. James is an excellent singer, and makes an immense and legitimate effect with his snatches of taproom minstrelsy.

One suggestion I should very much like to make to Mr. David James. I have always imagined Eccles as a man who had once been handsome, and who still retained some traces of it, and a certain showy, shabby picturesqueness. Would it not be worth while to indicate this? (And you know Mr. James is not naturally ugly, so it would be no trouble to him!)

Mr. Brookfield's Sam Gerridge is well known, too; always a good performance, it is now a better performance, and deserves special note as one of the finest studies of the marvellous Cockney language that our stage has known.

And Mr. Elwood, who has to follow Mr. Bancroft in the first, the original "Bancroft part"—Mr. Elwood is excellent. In the celebrated "No" scene there is not perhaps the wonderful variety of intonation that we remember; but then Mr. Elwood has not played the part many hundreds of times. He can hardly begin by getting every ounce that is to be got out of it; but he is very good—most natural, most thoughtful—and he will be better.

Then we have a new Esther Eccles, the most beautiful our stage has seen, and beyond any question one of the best. Miss Brandon had shown promise and thought in many performances with Mr. Edouin and at the Court; now she has her chance, she attacks one of the most famous parts of the modern stage, and with complete success. Critics say that she was a little too quiet in the early scenes on the first night. I can only say that when I saw her—on the second—she was the best first-act Esther Eccles that I remember. Towards the end of the play, indeed, I thought her even a little too strong in style for so gentle, so untheatrical a piece; but, on the whole, *bravissima!* The London stage has a new leading actress.

Polly Eccles comes last—as a climax. Here Mrs. Bancroft, at her best, was unapproachable; daring Miss Venne, you must have felt a tremor in taking such a part after such a genius! But you

showed no fear; you did not cast aside that quaint method which has won you so many triumphs—and you were quite right, for it was perfectly in place here. I don't think, indeed, that we ever doubted the comedy of the part when you were to play it; but the pathos—the tears in the laughter, when you welcomed the lost brother George—there you surprised us, there your complete success was one that we could not foretell from any number of Molly Ledgers and gutta-percha girls. Great parts do not make great actors, but they reveal them; and it will take a very few parts like Polly Eccles to place very, very high indeed the name of Lottie Venne.

Once more I summon you, my dear Mr. Fieldmouse; come from the vasty deeps of Buckinghamshire, and enjoy the most delightful of evenings at the Criterion in the company of your devoted

MUS IN URBE.

THE DRAMATISTS.

VIII. — ARISTOPHANES. — THE BIRDS.

Two citizens of Athens, the enterprising Peisthetairus and the simple easygoing Euelpides, have sallied out in search of some region where lawsuits and taxation are less frequent, and where life is easier. They carry on their hands a raven and a jackdaw, whose guidance they follow.

After a weary journey they reach a desert place, where a great rock stops the way. Striking it, to their terror it opens, and a slave appears—in bird form—who tells them that here abides the being they were seeking, the Hoopoe, who was formerly a mortal named Tereus, and at their bidding summons his master.

The Hoopoe appears, a formidable figure with his beak and crest; they tell him their need, and ask him how he finds life in the bird world.

Fired by his description of the pleasant time he has of it, Peisthetairus the inventive suggests a magnificent scheme to the King of the Birds. Why should not the feathered people build for themselves a city in the air, whence they could rule mankind and even subjugate their gods by stopping their supplies?

The Hoopoe is caught by the idea, and steps into a neighbouring thicket to sing an invocation to the nightingale, whose sweet voice shall summon all the tribes of his subjects. A solo on the flute is then played, which is supposed to be the nightingale's song, and in a charming lyric the Hoopoe calls together all the birds, who enter—"pecking, hopping, picking, popping"—and chattering one of the famous imitative choruses of Aristophanes, whose bird-sounds are the despair of translators.

The twenty-four singers who composed the chorus of Greek comedy—in the tragic chorus there were only fifteen—were clad in costly imitations of the plumage of twenty-four kinds of birds. Peisthetairus and Euelpides act as showmen to this exhibition, doubtless novel and effective on the Athenian stage.

The Birds, in spite of their King's introduction, are furious at beholding two of the cruel race of man, so long their enemies and murderers. They are about to attack the travellers, but at length the Hoopoe induces them to listen to the scheme of Peisthetairus, reminding them how profitable it is to learn by the wisdom of one's enemies.

Almost the first words of the wily human orator fascinate his hearers. Their arms are put down and carried indoors, and they listen admiringly to his long harangue, in which he proves—with comic examples interpolated by Euelpides, who plays the part of Jack-pudding to the magician—that the birds are the first-born of all beings, older than the gods, and rightful sovereigns of the world. He proposes that they should build a great city half way between heaven and earth, and there intercept the offerings and sacrifices of mankind to the gods, taking a kind of toll from them, and conferring blessings on the obedient among men, and punishing the unruly. They can send squadrons of owls to devour the locusts, and of thrushes to eat up the midges which canker figs and fruits; they can warn mankind of coming storms, and point them to hidden treasures.

The proposition is carried with enthusiasm, and after a song to the sweet-singing nightingale—whose feathers are rudely rumbled by the amorous Euelpides—the chorus direct the address to the audience called the Parabasis, which was one of the usual features of the older Greek comedy. The

Parabasis of the Birds is, perhaps, the most famous passage of Aristophanes: a magnificent meditation on the life of man, with a fanciful description of the birth of Love, and a recitation of the services done to mankind by the birds. Then follow a charming parody of the choruses of Phrynichus, a tragic poet older than Æschylus, and a setting forth of the advantages of wings.

Peisthetairus and Euelpides, who have left the stage, return, furnished with wings, and after christening the new-built city Nephelococcygia—Cloudeuckooland—they carry out a grand "real sacrifice" (after the fashion of the "real cabs" of the modern stage), with one wretched, skinny sheep as the victim and a very bad poet, Choeris, to chant a hymn.

Now comes a rush of people who have heard of the new city, and are anxious to make their profit out of it. A Poet, a Soothsayer, Meton the Astronomer, a Commissioner from Athens, and a Hawker selling the laws of the new state, in turn interview the wily Peisthetairus, and for the most part get nothing from him but a beating.

Then, after a chorus, a messenger rushes in, breathlessly announcing the completion of the great work; and soon after him the Watchman, with the alarming news that one of the gods has forced a way through the city-gates. Troops are sent out, but the offender—swift-footed Iris—almost at once flies in.

With this lady Peisthetairus takes a very high tone, and not only openly defies the gods but behaves very rudely to their charming messenger. She goes. Soon comes a Herald, congratulating Peisthetairus, and announcing that all Athens is mad to start for Cloudeuckooland. Sure enough there quickly appear a young prodigal anxious to get rid of his father: Cinesias the poet, who wants to live like a bird; and a Sycophant. These disposed of—i.e., in the usual way, after a satirical chorus—Prometheus comes, delighted at the approaching ruin of his old enemy Jupiter. He tells Peisthetairus that an embassy from the gods is now on its way to the birds to treat for a peace, and advises him to insist on having for his queen a most charming girl, who is Jupiter's housekeeper.

The embassy arrives: it consists of Neptune, Hercules, and an uncouth up-country god, speaking in a broad dialect. Peisthetairus soon gets Hercules on his side by inviting him to a feast; and Hercules makes the barbarous Triballian god vote with him by the simple process of threatening to punch his head. The wiser Neptune is thus outvoted, Peisthetairus has it all his own way, and the play ends with a gorgeous bridal and coronation procession, with dresses of luxury till then unheard of on the comic stage, and some wonderful "improved stage-thunder," to which the poet expressly draws attention in the final chorus.

NOTES AND NEWS.

Mrs. Langtry appeared last week at the Theatre Royal, Birmingham, as Esther Sandraz and Rosalind in "As You Like It." She achieved the greatest success as Rosalind. Esther Sandraz, dramatised by Mr. Grundy from Belot's "La Femme de Glace," a pendant to his "La Femme de Feu," hardly appeals to an English audience. A play that will fill the Théâtre Français or Le Gymnase may spell ruin to an English lessee. This will probably account for the fact that we seldom hear any of Sardou's delightful plays. Mrs. Langtry displayed considerable emotional power, but she lacks that dramatic force, that intense passion so much admired in Sarah Bernhardt and others.

At Toole's Theatre, on the second night of the new play, "The Bungalow," there was not—as far as our keen-eyed representative could perceive—a single person in the "upper circle." This is probably almost without precedent in a London Theatre; but it would have been even more remarkable if there had been many people in any part of the house.

For "The Bungalow" has not alone deserved failure; it has done more, Sempronius, and attained it. With a company of good actors—of whom one or two, it is true were not altogether certain what they had to say—and with quite adequate scenery and surroundings, Mr. Fred Horner's version of a recent French play (called in the aboriginal "La Garçonnière") has not proved itself either edifying or amusing. Much of it turned on the old, old joke—really almost outworn in England, whatever it may be in France—of the peccant husband and the correspondingly peccant wife. Not Mr. Yorke Stephens, with his energetic mock-tragedy, nor clever Mr. Kaye with his astonishing likeness to James Lewis, of Daly's Company,

nor Mr. Charles Glenny, a little at sea in the words, nor that too fascinating quartette, Miss Cissie Grahame, Miss Helen Forsyth, Miss Vane Featherstone, and Miss Cicely Richards, could provoke more than a fleeting smile on lips that were parting yawnward. Mr. Horner has just produced a successful play in France—a thing most rare for an English dramatist—and we cannot but fancy that his Muse must be more at home in Paris than in London; for surely she is of the French, Frenchy.

The magazines are extremely dramatic this month; which is very good of the magazines. Not only does Mrs. Kendal chat, with the simplicity of condescension, to those readers of "Murray's" who are interested in her opinions of men, women, and things in general. In the "Century" the great Coquelin gives his views on Shakespeare and on Molière. Shakespeare he has apparently "read up" in a hurry; but the opinions of so great an actor on Molière cannot fail to be worth our study. He makes one very interesting point—that Molière was plainly a far greater actor than Shakespeare.

Then "Longman's" has a most valuable paper by Mr. Brander Matthews on the dramatisation of novels, which, as he proves, is really by no means so easy an operation as having your hair cut. And in the "English Illustrated Magazine"—just starting on a new series—a lady tells us what she thinks about the employment of children in theatres. It would be in bad taste to criticise her article too severely, for we have not yet read it.

Above all things, do not forget that next Wednesday afternoon Mr. Beerbohm Tree proposes to devote the Haymarket Theatre to the benefit of Mr. Maddison Morton, who wrote "Box and Cox" before most of us were born. And "Box and Cox" will be then and there played by Mr. Harry Nicholls and Mr. Arthur Williams, which should be most excellent fooling. With other diversions.

ST. GEORGE'S HALL.

"The German Reeds"—enduring as the "Christy Minstrels," though they do constantly risk their constitution by performing out of London—are performing in London again with pieces of tried popularity. "Tuppins and Co." may not be ranked very high by future students of the Victorian comedy, but 'twill serve; and Miss Fanny Holland's one song, which concerns "Bong Tong," is excellent. And Mr. Corney Grain, who is so great that the mantle of John Parry only covers a little bit of him, is at his very best—musically, mimetically, satirically, whimsically. All Regent-street must be glad to know that his Aunt is in town.

NEW YORK.

(From our Special Correspondent.)

NEW YORK, SEPT. 26, 1889.

The Palestrina choir of Mr. Caryl Florio is based on peculiar lines. The volunteer members of the chorus are expected to pay a fine of two dollars each for every absence from rehearsal. The director tells me that four out of every five applicants are rejected. The rehearsals are conducted without accompaniments of any kind, the pitch being given only at the start. The two concerts announced, with music and preliminary expenses, will involve an outlay of one thousand dollars each, and there is no expectation of a profit. Among the works promised for the season is an elaborate composition of Spohr's, which has only been performed twice since it was written. Mr. Florio admits that these works are of colossal difficulty, but he claims that his carefully-selected chorus will be equal to all demands.

The Oratorio Society is soon to begin its rehearsals. Various opera companies are at work rehearsing in this city; and others are already out on the road. In this city "The Drum Major" of Offenbach at the Casino, and Jakowski's "Paolo" at Palmer's are doing fairly well, and although the former has been pronounced a failure by the Press the management claims it is drawing crowded houses.

Campanini has formed a concert tour to go all over the States. His soprano, Clementina De Vere, is claimed by Abbey as under engagement to him, and litigation may follow.

The Worcester (Mass.) Music Festival this week is a great success, the sale of tickets being larger than at any of the preceding festivals. "St. Paul" was a triumph, especially for the bass soloist, Mr. Babcock. Sullivan's "Golden Legend" created a marked impression, especially in the choral department. Last year the Festival engaged Alvary; but he did not come up to expectations, and this year the tenor solos are chiefly given to Mr. Mockridge and Mr. Parker. Carl Zerrahn is conductor as usual.

At Boston the sensation of the day is the utterly unparalleled demand for tickets for the Symphony Concerts under the new conductor, Nikisch, of Leipsic, who is to be paid 10,000 dollars for the season. Men were placed on the line for the ticket office five days in advance, and were paid five dollars *per diem*, with meals by day and beer and drinks and cigars by night. All this excitement is attributed rather to a fashionable fad than to any sudden genuine revival of the love for orchestral music.

FRANCIS WILLIAMS.

MASTER OTTO HEGNER.

It was obvious on Saturday last that Master Otto Hegner has higher claims on the attention of musicians than those arising from the accident of youth. Worship of the wonderful is still no doubt to be held accountable for much of the enthusiasm displayed, but this will certainly not explain the emphatic, though less obtrusive, appreciation of the connoisseurs who were present in fairly large numbers. These, hearing little Otto's interpretation of Bach's Italian Concerto and Beethoven's Sonata in E minor (op. 90), were fain to admit that a mere prodigy, but a true artist was before them. That it was not always possible to agree with Master Hegner's readings goes without saying; but the fact that a child of his age is able to impart individuality at all to works which often tax the interpretative powers of mature artists sufficiently shows that we have here to do with a genuinely artistic temperament, not mere precocity. It will be easy to gather from a comparison between these remarks and the views expressed on former occasions in these columns that Master Otto's powers have ripened considerably since his appearance here last season. Perhaps the most convincing proof of this was afforded by a Suite in G minor from his own pen. This composition, though naturally reflecting the style of greater masters, is full of life and fire, grace and charm. The thoughts are clear and concise, and there is an absence of flippancy which many older writers might with advantage note and profitably imitate. A nocturne of Chopin was included, but we are glad to say the little fellow does not yet understand this composer.

At his second orchestral concert on Wednesday Master Hegner played Chopin's Concerto in E minor, and Henselt's "Liebeslied" and "Si oiseau j'étais," and Rubinstein's "Valse Caprice" with extraordinary intelligence and accuracy. He again had the assistance of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society, who played fairly well the overtures to "Der Freischütz" and "Merry Wives of Windsor," and with less success the accompaniments to the concerto. The vocalists were Miss Nikita, who sang with much refinement "Ernani Involami" and the valse from "Roméo et Juliette," Mr. Max Heinrich, who was heard in Wagner's "Song to the Evening Star," from "Tannhäuser," and Schubert's "Die Allmacht."

PROVINCIAL.

MANCHESTER.—With the approach of winter our musical world begins to show signs of returning animation. A *conversazione* was given on the 8th in connection with the Gentlemen's Concerts at the Concert Hall. A short programme was provided, with a considerable interval between each piece for conversation. On the 9th Herr Schonberger gave a piano-forte recital in the same hall. Since his previous visit here he has made great strides in many respects; his execution is now almost unerringly exact, which was certainly not the case heretofore; his tone-production has likewise increased in brilliancy, and this not at the cost of that sympathetic refinement which he hitherto possessed. The only exceptions which could be taken to a performance otherwise excellent are his lavish use of the "una corda" (which on the "Steinway" produced

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such a marked deterioration of tone as to become objectionable) and the *prestissimo* speed at which some allegro movements were taken, this latter fault being most noticeable in Bach's G minor Organ Fugue. Herr Schonberger's rendering of Beethoven's third sonata, though perhaps not always in accordance with the traditional reading to which we have become accustomed, was highly effective, and never so obtrusively prominent as to pass the bounds of that legitimate freedom of interpretation without which all individuality would be lost. His programme included Schumann's G minor Sonata, admirably played, five pieces by Chopin, a well written Valse-Caprice of his own, and two pieces by Raff and Liszt, these latter being played with great bravura. There was a full audience.

BIRMINGHAM, OCTOBER 7.—Börne, in his famous letters from Paris 1830-31, tells us that the great dancer, Mademoiselle Taglioni, received 100,000 francs for a month's engagement in London. That was in 1831. Had Börne lived now his Republican ideas would have been still more embittered by the enormous fees paid to "Patti." Yet there are *entrepreneurs*, like our townsmen the Messrs. Harrison, who can pay £750 a night or thereabouts to the great cantatrice and still find their reckoning. Madame Adelina Patti is announced to sing at the first of Messrs. Harrison's Subscription Concerts on Monday evening, October 14, and so great has been the demand for tickets that the application for gallery seats had to be closed before the ballot took place. The powerful magnet has once more proved attractive beyond all imagination, and on Monday next we shall see the grandest and most fashionable house ever assembled in our Town Hall. By the outline of the programme just to hand we note that the "Diva" will sing "Ah non credea," and the air following the recitative, "Ah non giunge;" also in the duet "Quis est homo" with Madame Sterling, and another song the title of which I am unable to give. The artistes associated with Madame Adelina Patti will be Madame Mary Davies, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Mr. Henry Guy, Mr. Frederic King, Mademoiselle Janotha (pianoforte), Miss Nettie Carpenter (solo violin), Mons. Van Biene (solo violoncello): conductors, Mr. W. Ganz and Herr Alois.

I regret to have record that the Ballot for the Festival Choral Society's Concerts has not turned out successfully. It may be that the scheme has not proved popular; yet the Committee are bringing out new works, and have engaged as principals artistes of the highest repute. In your issue of last Saturday, reviewing George Cockle's new opera "The Castle of Como," I gladly read your remarks on Mr. Richard Clarke's Claude Melnotte. Mr. Clarke hails from the neighbourhood of Birmingham, where he is well known as a tenor singer. Three years ago he went to Naples to study under a celebrated maestro. He spent a year in Italy, and since then I understand he has studied in London under Signor Randegger.

BRISTOL.—On Sunday the free sacred concerts to be given weekly commenced, and they will be carried on during the winter months. The Rev. Mordaunt Crofton, rector of St. Stephen's Church, in the city, and members of his congregation are managing them. The gatherings will take place on Sunday evenings in the Colston Hall, where organ solos and vocal contributions will be the attraction; the Vestry Hall, Pennywell-road, where a band will play sacred pieces, and a professional or amateur singer will assist; and at St. Stephen's Church, where, after the ordinary evening service, organ and vocal pieces will be given. These musical meetings were very successful last winter, and give promise of being equally so this. Opera has held entire sway in Bristol during the week, another excellent series of operas of equal merit to those of last week being presented at the Prince's Theatre. "Trovatore" was performed on Monday with a very strong cast before a large audience, among whom were the Mayor and Mayoress. "Lohengrin" was brought forward on Tuesday with first-class artistes, the part of Lohengrin being taken with great success by Mr. Barton McGuckin. Miss Recoschewitz and Miss Tremelli were Elsa and Ortrud respectively. Both ladies sang well, but their articulation was at fault. Wallace's "Lurline," of which little has been heard during recent years, was produced on Friday with new scenery, dresses, and appointments, and was received with favour. This (Saturday) morning "Carmen" is to be repeated, and Donizetti's "Lucia di Lammermoor," to be represented to-night with an admirable list of artistes, will bring to a close a fortnight's visit of the Carl Rosa company. If Mr. Chute feels gratified with the success that has attended his venture in engaging the company to appear at this theatre for two weeks as against one in former years, the Bristol public are certainly indebted to him for the musical and spectacular treats that have been afforded them.

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